THE

Harbinger of Light.

A
MONTHLY JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO
ZOISTIC SCIENCE, FREE THOUGHT, SPIRITUALISM AND THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

"Dawn approaches, Error is passing away, Men arising shall hail the day."

No. 78. MELBOURNE, FEBRUARY 1st, 1877. PRICE SIXPENCE

CONTENTS.

About two months since, our attention was called to a book written by Asa Mahan, D.D., bearing the somewhat portentous title of "The Phenomena of Spiritualism scientifically explained and exposed." We have since succeeded in obtaining a copy of the work, and having carefully perused its contents, confess ourselves dissatisfied with both explanation and exposition, also with the *scientific* prefix as out of place, the book being rather a systematic arrangement of errors rather than truths. It is a volume of 420 pages, to review which would require much more space than can be spared, we therefore purpose to epitomise the leading positions of the author and point out their unsoundness.

The author, though a doctor of divinity, departs from the usual course adopted by his compeers, and making little reference to either Bible or Devil argues the matter from a materialistic point of view. He admits fully the occurrence of the phenomena, both physical and mental: and devotes several chapters to accounts of the most extraordinary phases well attested, in some instances by personal friends of his own, but announces his intention to annihilate spiritualism by proving the whole of it to be of mundane origin. On page 18 he makes an unfortunate admission to the effect that if his mother were to come and communicate to him exhibiting all her earthly characteristics and reliability, he would be bound to admit that it was her spirit. Now it happens that there are a large number of persons who have had this particular test which he desires, communicating with mothers, fathers, brothers, and sisters, who have exhibited the characteristics pertaining to their earthly life, and yet the whole tenor of his book is to reflect upon those who believe in the spiritual origin of the phenomena, though they have the evidence which, according to his own admission would to him be conclusive. His position briefly is, that all the physical phenomena are caused by odic or psychical force directed by the wills of individuals or the circle, and that the mental phenomena are biological, the medium being controlled by the thoughts of the circle or individuals, and in this connexion he asserts that no information was ever given by a medium that was not previously known to him or the interrogator. In relation to the first theory it is very evident in spite of the very confident manner in which he describes the nature of the odic force, that he is decidedly ignorant of its qualities, the experiments of Reichenbach, its discoverer, all tend to prove that it exerts no motive influence on ponderable matter. He does not, and cannot, give one single instance of the movement of inert substance by the direct action of "od," and in the absence of this his dogma is but a weak and flimsy theory. He admits among other things "that there is in the spiritual movement, a power by which, without motion or external sign on our part our most secret thoughts are expressed," but does not attempt account for this wonderful phenomena. After taking considerable pains to prove the reality of the physical phenomena the writer with characteristic inconsistency has the temerity to say that "In America, all these manifestations, the latest-invented ones not excepted, are 'known and read of all men as *detected* and *exposed* impositions," thereby stultifying the argument for their reality on which he bases his theory, or limiting its action to the eastern hemisphere. In connexion with this statement he gives a long account of the 'Katie King' exposé, which we have frequently alluded to and fully explained in these columns, and in reference thereto makes the following dogmatic assertion. "The identity of Mrs. White with the supposed Katie King, is an absolutely verified fact, which no candid person will dispute," and on the infallibility of this false assumption he argues that it takes away all evidence that others are not of the same character. Again on page 62 he asserts that if a person at a seance grasps a supposed spirit form and it turns out to be a human, all persons will know that these seances are base deceptions," as logically might he say, that if one person takes a supposed Australian sovereign and it turns out to be a bogus one, then all persons will know that Australian sovereigns are base deceptions.

Another argument put forward in support of the mundane theory is that similar answers are obtained from the mediums and clairvoyants; had the writer any knowledge of psychology he would be aware that in the clairvoyant or somnambulic state, the embodied spirit is in the same position as the disembodied, and exercises its spiritual perceptions independent of the physical organization, hence the fact of clairvoyance is favorable to the spiritual rather than the mundane hypothesis. Dr. Mahan gives several instances where communications were controlled by the positive action of the will of the questioner, and others, where no information could be elicited that was not in the mind of the querist, or medium, and confidently assumes that this is universally the case; spiritualistic literature furnishes abundant evidences to the contrary, and our long personal experience has brought under our notice innumerable instances where communications on subjects totally unknown to any one present, and in some instances, quite opposed to their belief have been given, which have subsequently been proved to be true. As an example of the disingenuous tactics of the writer we may instance that in the portion of his book devoted to contradictory communications he says that one spirit gave its name as "Miserable Humbug," and stated that spirits lived on pork and beans, while at another portion of the work we find that this was one of the communications instigated by the positive mind of an individual in the body. What logic there is in the book is based upon false premises of which the Katie King affair forms an illustration, but as will be seen in that and the following cases, even admitting the premises to be true, the logic is bad. To the superficial reader, ignorant of the facts, evidences, and philosophy of spiritualism. Dr. Mahan's book will be an interesting one, proving conclusively what he believed before reading it. But the impartial rationalist, though he might not be in a position to disprove the author's assertions, would readily perceive his bad logic, and demur at his unsubstantiated assertions. The title of the book is a misnomer, a scientific explanation and exposure of spiritualism has yet to be written.

COMMUNICATIONS.

After the usual invocation had been given, the medium (under control) spoke the following prayer or invocation:—

Oh divine existence! How perfect art thou in thy manifestations wheresoever they may be presented; most perfect art thou in thy children, as also indeed in all agencies through which thou dost form thy love, and faith, and truth.

Oh elevate us now to a due appreciation of thy wondrous power, and illumine us with the knowledge of thy virtues.

We desire that the noblest faculties of our being may be exercised in accordance with thy law, and that our minds may move harmoniously with thy decrees, enabling us to understand and obey them.

We do desire that thou wilt make us images as perfect as our humbleness will allow, of thy truth and glory, upholding us in our tasks by thy everlasting love.

—ooo—

Much might be said of the philosophy of invocation, of the true nature of prayer, of the divine attribute of your aspirations, for they are all linked in one, and are of a similar nature. The prayer used at the opening of your circle is, from its commencement to its close, a pure unbroken invocation of goodness and truth. Not only in those few opening words in which you desire the dwellers in the spheres to bless you with their presence, and to mingle with you in friendly, loving, and holy communion, not only in these few words is there an invocation, but also in the very fact of your presence—in the desires of your hearts—and in the lives you live. These are invocations as powerful and as pure as those spoken

You speak of the truths which nature and reason have revealed to you. You discuss them, you weigh them, and drawing your knowledge from without you place it within, place it around you and above you. A light, a robe, a crown, and yet again—a sceptre.

The desire to learn, to read and study those lines traced by the Divine Master; this is aspiration prayer and invocation. This is searching for pearls of purity and truth.

Investigation of truth is the main purpose of circles, for in the harmonious circle holy thoughts and feelings call forth respondent echoes from the soul's not distant dwelling-place. It is an association, an invocation, and a prayer, that bring you hither; the desire to learn, the desire to become more holy and more godlike. This is invocation, and it assumes its most beautiful and complete form when uttered during the perfect conditions of your circle.

There is, indeed, no moment when a worthy thought takes possession of your minds, but that it acts as a prayer and an invocation. When pure and holy thoughts and aspirations fill your soul you will do well not to curb their promptings, but rather assist and gratify the feelings they suggest.

The aspiring spirit of man, moving ever upward, seeking new places of rest and peace, finds its crowning satisfaction and noblest agency for good in the circle.

The life of humanity is an invocation, its potency varying with the proportion of good or evil in that life.

The pure good life, noble and and confident in its aspirations, burning like a white flame pointing up to the heavens, trembling in its intensity, consuming all the ashes of its earthly lusts; this life has a halo of happiness around it, and the whole tenor of the existence is indeed an invocation.

Patience,—Patience is not only a virtue of the lame and vulgar, but the especial jewel in the coronet of the wise. It is not in the knowledge of infants, but it falls among the snow that whitens the hair of declining age, descending like a dove to comfort and cherish the wasted heart. The quality of patience is not strained, but droppeth like the gentle dew from heaven. Patience is not inaction, but endurance, standing faithful at the gate of success, brave and resolute in the rush of battle, quiet and still by the sick couch, in all offices patience is pure and noble. Patience beholds the giddy, flitting by in their little hour of passion, who look upon her with disdain, and scoffingly say, "what art thou, Patience, thou dull crone?"

The sensualist, fired with the heat of devouring passion, roars out, "What is that miser, who would save the gold of life, hoarding it in your mouldy cells, with no profit to man or woman?" Patience! say all like-minded ones, is the quality of the stone or any mineral, but not the attribute of a man. Life is action: patience is death. This is the raillery of fools, but the wise and good say—"Patience, thou art the mainstay of our hearts and hopes, and without thee we are and can be nothing; for the ways of the world are very weary, the paths thereof are dark and dreary. In thee alone do we discover the means of strength and light. Patience, sister, abide with us." "Patience," says the wise man, writing with his finger on the sands of time, "patience, sweet sister of philosophy, be mine. Patience, that palace withdrawn from vulgar gaze, enshroud me; that chief stay of knowledge before whom error shrinks back shuddering. Oh! Patience, stay with me.

Patience, say the spiritually-minded, we must have. We, who look forward with such hope and longing to the future of mankind, who so fervently and earnestly desire the welfare of our brothers and sisters, their elevation, their enlightenment; and yet see our lives passing through the hour-glass swiftly, sand by sand, with-

out apparent benefit to our fellow-men; all this causes us to look to thee. Oh, Patience, thou sweet goddess of success, thou must save us.

The good and pure must wait; the world is not yet fit for them. It is young, and playing in its infant humor, breaks hearts as if they were toys; destruction seems the cruel world's only aim. Your proberbs say patience is a virtue, but how little is that virtue understood. It is only to be learnt by those who have put forth longer effort, who have poured out their blood like water, and seen it sink into the thirsty earth.

The arrows of adversity rebound from the hard rock of patience.

Fanaticism.—Fanaticism is the fare of the fool, asceticism is his fast. Enthusiasm is the light of the good man. As Christian walked through the valley of the shadow of death there was on either side of him a horrible quagmire, full of gloomy phantoms, who crept behind him, and howled in his ears devilish whispers of evil counsel.

You have too often learnt, for me to recapitulate, the evils of excess, and how easily enthusiasts and fanatics merge into one another. Enthusiasm is in the good, what fanaticism is in the evil. So, also, asceticism is in the wise and pure merely a temperate self-sacrifice. There is peace in the medium course only, and that is the way you must journey if you wish to reach the celestial kingdom.

Indifference is a glacier that sweeps down the valley of human life, leaving dire destruction in its cold and deadly path. It overwhelms and sweeps away the fair flower and wholesome fruit, breaking in upon the happy village. So many a fair sweet flower of youthful promise, has been destroyed in its early budding beauty by the chilling influences of indifference and neglect.

Who, with all these pitfalls in his path, can walk straight? Who, with such dangers and terrors lurking around him, can keep pure? Those voices whispering malicious slanders, those great forms of ancient wrong roaring to devour him, the dread darkness and all its accompanying horrors. Does not the spirit faint within one who wanders in such a place. Yet in that beautiful allegory, nothing was strained from the truth. All the terrors depicted there lie about the paths of men, and there is but one amulet, one light, one trust, and that is God.

Each one bears through that valley some sunlight in his soul; which, if used with reason, will prove a signal beacon to guide him through that dark path, and bring him eventually to a place of safety.

With it he must guide himself clear of asceticism's thorny path, and imbue his soul with a righteous enthusiasm—a wise self-sacrifice.

(Some interruptions here took place, in consequence of the weakness of the control.)

The chief danger in this valley is that on extricating yourself from one pit you fall into another. That rejecting fanaticism, you become indifferent. Forgetting wisdom, self-sacrifice becomes asceticism, and these two, perhaps in their turn both forgotten, give place to that most deadly evil—self-love.

There are times and seasons in life as there are in nature; as the tree falls, so it must shed its leaves, and it is better to allow the tree to shed its leaves than to pluck them ruthlessly from its branches.

Be more watchful of yourself than of your brothers. There is one person over whose safety and actions, thoughts and feelings, you alone are responsible; that person is yourself.

Let the most rigorous examination begin within. Spend six days in labour, and spend the seventh in purifying yourself, and devote it to the service of others. That holy day will then come thrice welcome, and will prove a rest both to mind and body.

ADVANCE THOUGHT. *

THIS little work is one of a class purely modern in its origin and method, manifesting the democracy of intellect, together with the right and practice of private judgment. Its author commenced the writings contained in it without the intention of Book-making or Printing, but simply as an individual effort in the search for Truth. A member of no literary craft, but of a busy society, he has found time to explore the problems of the universe, and presents the results of his meditations to his fellow-men in a spirit of honest simplicity and earnest benevolence, that must at once earn the favour and attention of the reader, who will find in this unpretending little book much sound reasoning and clear exposition, in which almost every question of religious purport is, directly or indirectly, weighed in the balance with science and experience. A sincere Spiritualist, he acknowledges his indebtedness to Inspiration, and as a Medium, has had abundant opportunity of proving the genuineness of the intercommunion between the two worlds. His experiences are both remarkable and unusual in their character, and he is able to narrate from his personal recollections a number of physical and mental occurrences, establishing beyond question the existence of good and worse supermundane intelligences. These, however, are concisely related, and form but a small portion of the contents, which are chiefly occupied with the philosophic consideration of the great truths of life and immortality, Agreeing heartily with most of Mr. Glass's positions, which in every direction exhibit the rational nature of his judgment, and the unaffected piety of his disposition, one exception must be made in the re-incarnation doctrine which he is inclined to view favourably. This conception is one at present repugnant to our experience, and rejected on reflection as not in harmony with those other views which we hold in common with the author. His presentation of it is certainly a more acceptable one than that often put forward, but while intercourse with many of our departed friends, and others of more distant earthly existence, proves convincingly that they still live and labour in less material spheres, and while they, according to their own statements, behold no possibility of such a return, we must still deem the idea one, to us, unproved, and inferior to the apprehension of the Spirit's Progress which we at present have.

* Advance Thought: by Chas. E. Glass.—Trubner & Co., London, 1876.

LETTER FROM A. J. DAVIS.

MR Poole has just put into my hands your letter to him and the very generous addition to the Testimonial. Please send me the list of our good friends who made up the sum you sent.

We deeply appreciate the motives and feelings which moved you, one and all, in strengthening and holding up the hands of those who have worked, or may yet do more, in the cause of universal freedom and progress.

Very truly and fraternally,

A. J. DAVIS.

(The two *Harbingers* containing published list of contributors were sent with letter and draft, and have been either overlooked or lost in transit. W. H. Terry.)

COPY OF COMMUNICATION RECEIVED AT CASTLEMAINE FROM T. C. TERRY, SENR., ON SUNDAY, 1ST OCTOBER, 1876.

MY Dear Children and Friends,—Welcome, and blessings upon you. Unalloyed joy fills my whole soul. My spirit is filled with gratitude and love to our Eternal Father. The comprehensien of my mind when in the body could never grasp the vastness, the glory, and greatness of His Kingdom. I cannot express it to you. Volumes could not convey to your mind the beauty and glory ever with us. My mind is now clear, my youth has returned, and I can safely say I am born again, for the transition here is like a new birth—everything is new and beautiful to the senses and feelings. The bright spirits I consort with are ever cheering me, ever urging me on for my advancement, my happiness, and good, and my whole soul yearns for them and you, my dear children. I can see you are happy, and I am happy in realising that. Troubles you will have: they will be light, and soon pass away, so

long as your aspirations are for the good and true. My residence here has given me an idea of the helping and guiding power of spirit I could never have obtained in the body. I am often with you, and my guides accompany me. Few go alone; hence the power given in controlling mortals when little thought of, is given by more than one, though the aspiration and intention is the one and same, the affinity of spirit blending many spirits into one body, as it were. Universality of mind is not amongst spirits more than mortals, but communities and bodies similar to such on earth are formed, only our spirit ones are more as one, the true affinity becoming an unity like so many drops of water becoming one mass. My whole soul is ever with you, giving you guidance and pouring loving aspirations upon you. May you be ever ready to receive them until such time as we meet in spirit. My blessing attend you. Good night.

T. C. TERRY, SENR.

To Correspondents.

Communications for insertion in this Journal should be plainly written, and as concise as possible.

REPLY TO "LAYMAN."

Chewton, January 1st, 1877.

TO THE EDITOR OF HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—Layman in his reply of this date says he would have no objection to comply with my imperative and just demand if he could see a probability of both sides of the question being discussed in a temperate manner; to assure Layman my instincts are in no way akin to those he dreads as "bitter," "dishonest," and "unscrupulous" I have but to remark that the school to which I belong is Christian, and the fellows of my youth were Samuel James, author of "Light the Essence of Matter," and other works, and "John Rodgers," the world wide famed author of "Antipope-priestian," subsequently abridged and published as "antipopery." If these authors' works go to shew there is a probability of importing into a discussion the poison of asps, then you may fear, not else. When my letter of which you complain was written I thought you lacking in courtesy to a manly deliverance of "FACT" that occurred to J. G. Millard, in whom as a truthseeker you should have rather gloried as in one dealing with experience. Forgive my wounding by my unsparing caricature, I have no wish but to save mankind, and none should know better than men of fifty years experience that the *letter killeth*, but the *spirit giveth life*, and though orthodoxy as you call the churches may persecute, even that power need not be feared, a greater than it proclaims, fear not, but Him who is able to destroy even orthodoxy. Ever bear in mind the mysteriousness of the subject is such that its author asks when He maketh inquisition shall it be found on the earth? Permit one word of justification, you appeared in your attack so much like "Adam" in "Eden," hiding, I did not refrain. Now if I have satisfied you of my purpose, hide no longer but come out with your name, that the world may see our works and glorify our Father in Heaven.

I am,
Your Obedient Servant,
JOHN TEAGUE.

A CORRESPONDENT ("Commiserator"), a former letter of whose appeared in our December number, writes a long letter in reply to our leader of same date, which he is sure we will publish. He has too good an opinion of our liberality in this respect; we have an excess of matter always at hand, and have to select from that, what we deem the most interesting and profitable to our readers. We are challenged to point out a single unfounded statement in his last letter. This we should have little difficulty in doing, for the one broad assertion that Spiritualism "is an unhappy and soul-destroying delusion" will suffice. Our criticism on Asa Mahan's book replies to most of the objections urged, and with this "Commiserator" must be content for the present.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—In the "Spectator," and "Methodist Chronicle," of 20th inst., it is stated that the champions of freethought lay much stress upon the statements of Dr. Moorhouse in his ordination sermon on Sunday last. It appears to me to have been altogether on the other side; for, the writer of the article in question points out one passage in the sermon specially deserving of notice, viz., that St. Paul wrote to the Romans, Galatians, and Corinthians. Although this may seem to be an admission of no great value or extent, it disposes conclusively and for ever of all the mythical and legendary explanations of our Lord's resurrection.

The resurrection is clearly a scripture doctrine; yet, how vague and irrational are the notions of men respecting it! The multiplicity of strange conjectures, as well as fanatical surmises, in the minds of the superstitiously religious, afford as much amusement to the disbelievers in immortality, as pious regret to reflective and intelligent Christians; for, the chimerical vagaries propagated concerning both soul and body, by "pulpit teachers" and "godly books," surpass all human understanding! So infatuated is man with a love of materiality, that he contemplates having a body of flesh, blood, and bones, beyond the grave, as surely as his God was made flesh and dwelt among men, eating and drinking with publicans and sinners! Yes, Mr. Editor, you know as well as I do, the degrading views of men in general. Good people are to inhabit the New Jerusalem, the very streets of which are paved with gold; while naughty people are to be cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, there to be tormented by the devil and his angels. Such is the lack of spirituality in the thoughts of many men! A Material God, a Material Heaven, and a Material hell—without any Lazarus to dip the tip of his Material finger in Material water, to cool the Material tongue that is tormented in the Material flame!

But Mr. Editor enough of this human weakness! much of which has been promulgated by our so-called sacred poets.

An acquaintance of mine who lost a Leg and a Thumb at Waterloo, part of his left Ear in Canada, and a tooth while crossing the great Herring-pond from Liverpool to Australia, thoroughly believes in his future enjoyment of these scattered parts of his body, when the time shall arrive that old things shall be made new, either in that new heaven, or that new earth, of which he entertains strange but harmless notions. As our example, from among many in which our Poets indulge wild fancies, and disseminate odd doctrines, Blair's "Grave" affords the following:—

> The glad soul
> Has not a wish uncrowned. E'en the lay flesh
> Rests, too, in hope of meeting once again
> Its better half, never to sunder more.
> Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on
> When not a single spot of burial earth,
> Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
> But must give back its long-committed dust
> Inviolate; and faithfully shall these
> Make up the full account; not the least atom
> Embezzled or mislaid of the whole tale.
> Each soul shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
> Ask not how this can be? Sure the same power
> That reared the piece at first, and took it down,
> Can re-assemble the loose scattered parts,
> And put them as they were. Almighty God
> Hath done much more: nor is His arm impaired
> Through length of days, and what He can He will.
> His faithfulness stands bound to see it done!
> When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering dust,
> Not unattentive to the call, shall wake,
> And every joint possess its proper place
> With a new elegance of form, unknown
> To its first state!" &c.

Wesleyans promulgate the same strange and irrational notion when they sing—

> May not a Creating God,
> Who built this house of clay,
> Re-inspire the breathless clod
> In His appointed day?
> From the dust He formed us Man,
> And shall we circumscribe His power?
> Doubtless the Almighty can
> Our moulded dust restore!"—*P.* 649.

In the teaching of our Saviour and his Apostles, this doctrine occupies so prominent a place, that it is constituted an article of faith in every Christian Church from that day to the present. Most of the Churches have contented themselves with using the language of the Apostles's Creed—" I believe in . . . the resurrection of the dead." Others, however, go further. The Heidelberg Catechism, published in 1563, says—" My body (or flesh), also being raised by the power of Christ, shall be united with my soul, and be like the glorious body of Christ." The Synod of Dort, in 1618, representing the Churches of the United Provinces, and of England, Scotland and other countries, expressed themselves thus:—" For, all the dead shall be raised out of the earth, and their souls joined and united with their proper bodies, in which they formerly lived." But by no Church has the doctrine been enunciated with greater fulness and precision than our own, both in the Confession of Faith and in the Large Catechism. In the first of these (chap. 31 art. 2) it is said—"At the last day, such as are alive shall not die, but be changed, and all the dead shall be raised up with the self-same bodies and none other, although with different qualities, which shall be united again with their souls for ever."

A few generations back, no one conceived the possibility of a person's having more than one body during his earthly life. But the fact is now universally familiar through modern discoveries, that we change our bodies as we do our garments, only not so suddenly or so perceptibly; and that in the course of threescore-and-ten years allotted to man, the change may occur as many as ten times. The question therefore has arisen, "which of these ten complete bodies is to be *the* body raised up at the last day?" If it is replied, the last one worn, then there arises other difficulties. This "last body" is known in some instances to enter into the composition of other "last bodies." A ship's crew, for instance, are driven to the horrid necessity of cannibalism. In the course of a few days one of the men, whose body is composed in part of the "last body" of his comrade, falls a second victim; the process is continued, and finally, the remainder of the crew, whose bodies are composed of the compound, and recompounded bodies of those devoured or engulfed in the ocean. Who, by any conceivable mode of reasoning, can disentangle from this hopeless intricacy the "my body" of the Heidelberg Catechism? —the "proper body" of the Synod of Dort "—or the self-same body, and none other of our Confession? It is manifest that if by these terms we are to understand the entire last body of each, the propositions involve an absurdity. Nor is this all. It were easy to show on sound chemical principles that the dissolved elements of our material structure escape from the grave, are borne by winds and waters in boundless diffusion over the earth's surface, and become incorporated into thousands of plants, the food of man or beasts, or are received by the lungs into the blood, and thence into the solid structure of other human beings; so that there is, probably, not an individual on earth whose body is not, in part, composed of elements that belonged in turn to the last bodies of hundreds, and perhaps thousands of the race. The thought bewilders!"

It will, no doubt, be painful to many to learn that the celebrated passage in Job, xix chap., 25-27 verse, beginning with—"I know that my Redeemer liveth"—and constituting a part of the Burial Service of the Church of England, cannot be relied on as a proof text on this subject, since it is given up by the great body of learned men as not touching the doctrine of Resurrection at all.

According to Paul, who fully expected Christ revisiting this earth, to judge the quick and the dead, and that He and his fellow-christians should never taste of death, but be transformed into Angels of Light. According to Paul—if Christ did not rise from the dead, if Christ's body was not raised, did not ascend into heaven—then was his (Paul's) preaching vain, and the faith of the believers in Christ vain.

Yours, &c.,

LAYMAN.

Vaughan, Jan. 22, 1877.

RESULT OF THE SLADE TRIAL.

By M.A., "(Oxon)."

The first act is complete, and Dr. Slade has been condemned in a penalty so utterly disproportionate to the alleged offence, even in the opinion of so influential and moderate a journal as the *Spectator*, that one feels the sting partly taken out of it by a conviction that such a sentence cannot be sustained on appeal. I am not going to enter into any detailed criticism of the evidence, nor to comment on the curiously vacillating conduct of the magistrate in admitting all sorts of irrelevant matter, and then narrowing the issue down to the statements of Messrs. Lankester and Donkin. If their words alone are to be taken as evidence, why, it may be wondered, should Mr. Massey, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Joad, Mr. Joy, and Dr. Wyld be heard? Why should that irrepressible conjurer be allowed to advertise his entertainment? Why was not Psycho put in evidence? Where was the Wizard of the North? And why was not Mr. Lankester's horoscope cast on the spot? All this would have amused the Court, and it is hard to see what more than that Mr. Maskelyne achieved, except a sensational advertisement of his performance, which ought to secure for Mr. Lankester a substantial acknowledgment of Maskelyne's undying esteem and regard.

Nor is it worth while to wonder why, once admitted, the sworn testimony of competent men that phenomena occurred with Slade in their presence in a way that absolutely could not be explained by the hypothesis of the prosecution, should not weigh against the statements of two men that they *thought, imagined, fancied, concluded*—by their own admission they did not *see*, and could not, therefore, *know*—that certain phenomena were produced fraudulently by the medium. To plain men it would seem a fair retort on a hypothetical conclusion, to demonstrate that on given occasions that hypothesis did not cover the facts. To the suspicions of Mr. Lankester, who knows nothing of the general subject, and therefore cannot apply the experience of others, it would seem a fair reply to adduce the experimental knowledge of (say) fifty other competent witnesses who have tried and tested over and over again what he has only casually "exposed." If Mr Lankester states that writing on a slate held by Slade under the table was in a particular case fradulently produced, *according to his judgement, though he did not see it so produced*, it would surely be a plain reply to say, "Appearances are deceitful, and have, in this case, deceived you. We will show you that the movement of the arm which you mistook for the motion caused by writing is due to another cause. We will produce evidence of writing on slates untouched by Slade, on slates lying on the table which he never touched at all, on others held by a sitter, and we will demonstrate that your hypothesis applies to none of (say) fifty cases, and therefore is presumably erroneous in the solitary one to which you apply it."

In his discretion the magistrate declined to take this view, as opening out too wide an issue; it would be trying the whole question of Spiritualism. Well, accepting that view, let it be distinctly understood that the question of *Spiritualism has not been tried at all.* What has been done is to take the testimony of two gentlemen respecting a particular interview with Slade and to decide *ex parte* on their statements; no one else was present except the medium whose mouth is shut. If, therefore, any two persons chose to go to (say) Williams to-morrow, pay him a guinea for a seance, and go away and make any sworn allegation of imposture against him, he must be condemned, provided their story was coherent and did not break down on cross-examination. I do not suppose that such persons are to be found —at least I hope not; but I have some knowledge of the lengths to which bigoted hatred of a subject may carry men who mean to be fair; of the atmosphere of prepossessions in their minds; of the mental obliquity which it developes. I believe in this very Slade case that the witnesses for the prosecution, honestly intending to convey exact impressions, have nevertheless been utterly mistaken, and have been the means of perpetrating a cruel injustice on an innocent man. And I believe there are many others who would think they were doing God service by stamping out a detestable delusion, and would by no means be inclined to

look too nicely into the means by which such holy work might be accomplished. This is only to say in other words that there s a deal of human nature in the world, and that violent passion upsets the mental balance.

Spiritualism has not been tried at all. If it had been proposed (poor Mr. Flowers!) to enter on such a trial, it would have been necessary to clear Bow Street Court of other business for a year, and enter on a subject whose infinite ramifications Professor Lankester little suspects. Slate-writing is not the only phenomenon called spiritual. What, then, are the phenomena that belong to the same category? Dr. Slade is not the only medium. Who, then, are the others? Mr. Flowers, with great *naïveté*, asked if there were any English mediums, and what phenomena occur in their presence. All mediums are not making a living by their mediumship, though they have a perfect right to do so if they please. Are there any private individuals then, who, without volition, and to no profitable purpose of gain, obtain these same phenomena? If there are, is this a new thing, or are there historic traces of it? Does it enter (for instance) into religious systems, as is alleged by Spiritualists? Did the philosophers of old know anything about it? and, if so, how does their experience agree with ours? This is the barest suggestion of the ten thousand questions it would be necessary to solve in order to arrive at a fair estimate of the subject which Mr. Lankester "exposed." Any attempt to settle them would profitably occupy a fair-minded man for his lifetime, and he would then be forced to confess on his deathbed that his efforts had only touched the fringe of a great subject.

Though the issue of the appeal which will be prosecuted in January next cannot be anticipated and must not be prejudged, it may be permitted me to say a word about the present prosecution and its results. I notice a very decided growth of opinion among reasonable men in the direction of disapproval of the prosecution altogether. That Spiritualists should object to it is perhaps natural. I presume that the opinion of the dog on the vivisector's table, if it could be ascertained, would be found to be favourable to the Act for the Abolition of Vivisection. But men of weight and influence, who know nothing and care less about Spiritualism openly disavow Mr. Lankester's tactics.

Dr. Carpenter administered a wholesome snub to the hot-headed impetuosity which instigated the prosecution when he refused to sanction it, though his name appears on the summons. Other witnesses, whose names had been used without their permission, did the same, and perhaps Mr. Clarke (whose sympathies are bound up in the rival establishment of Maskelyne and Co.) and Mrs. Lankester (whose interest is obviously with her son) alone supported the rash process which older and sager judgement condemned alike in principle and practice. The article in the *Spectator* of November 4, on the "Sentence in the Slade Case," embodies an opinion which is prevalent among thinking men who act rather from consideration than from impulse. Spiritualists are apt to think the prosecution a *crime*; men who are not Spiritualists, and yet not Materialists only, consider it a *blunder*.

No doubt, from the point of view of Mr. Lankester, viz., the crushing of Spiritualism, it is a blunder, and we are so far thankful to him as to acknowledge that we owe him the largest and most successful advertisement that Spiritualism has ever obtained. It has been canvassed and discussed in countless social meetings where before it never penetrated. The newspapers have been flooded with it, and the evidence for the defence has made a profound impression. The clear-headed, precise knowledge with which it was given contrasted so favourably with the admitted ignorance of the witnesses for the prosecution (save and except Mr. Massey, whom, in a moment of imbecility, the prosecution ventured to call), and with the absurd exhibition of Maskelyne (which suggested nothing so much as a penny show in a travelling caravan at a fair) and with the still more ludicrous failure of Mr. Lewis to imitate the slate writing, that nothing but gratitude is due for the effective contrast so gratuitously presented. We at any rate cannot object on these grounds. Many a hundred converts will date their nascent convictions that there is "something in it" from the attempts of the Slade prosecution to demonstrate that *there is not*.

But though this is so, there are grounds on which I am disposed to be anything but thankful to Mr. Lankester, and they are precisely those grounds which ought to be common between us. I do not thank him for persecuting an innocent man; but he doubtless acts honestly, and I make him a present of that aspect of the question. If he thinks Slade a noxious imposter he has a right to crush him, though, even on his own showing, he has taken a very foolish way to do it.

But be this as it may, we ought to be agreed that to hamper and hinder the search for truth is not to deserve the gratitude of any man, but only his indignant blame. And this is what Professor Lankester has set himself to do in this prosecution. Professing to detest imposture, he has effectually promoted it and made its growth more rank; for he has done his best to relegate Spiritualism from publicity to seclusion, and to drive investigators to obscure places whither mediums will be banished, instead of striving to encourage open and full investigation. Professing to hate Spiritualism, he has given it an impetus which no other means could have furnished, and has done what he can to take it out of the hands of careful and responsible observers and adepts, and to let loose its unknown powers amongst the ignorant and the enthusiastic, where feeling will do duty for proof, and where imposture and delusion, fanaticism and folly will find a congenial atmosphere. Professing to be a seeker after truth, he has shown too conclusively that, like so many others, his truth is that only which squares with his own preconceived ideas. Anything that militates against that class Materialism which his school affects, anything that upsets that Nihilism which is so dear to a certain tone of thought, he fights against. For these things I owe him no thanks. He has embarked on an enterprise far more wide-reaching than he thinks, and the battle begun at Bow street will not end there. Any attempt on the part of Materialism to stem the tide of thought which just now is flooding the world will be vain. Men in all departments of thought are waking from the sleep in which the world has long been plunged, and the craving for some higher knowledge of the higher nature in man will assuredly call down its answer. Spiritualism, under some form or other (and the present writer, at least, desiderates a higher form than any that is touched by police-court prosecutions), will increase and flood with its advancing wave the whole line of modern thought. Professor Lankester flourishing a police-court summons to stay its course is as ludicrous a spectacle as Mrs. Partington with her mop fighting the Atlantic Ocean. The old lady should have confined her attention to puddles. Mr. Lankester might profitably do the same.

Nov. 4, 1876. *The Spiritualist.*

MELBOURNE SPIRITUALIST AND FREE-THOUGHT ASSOCIATION.

The meetings of the above association have not been so largely attended during the last month, possibly owing to counter attractions elsewhere, and the difficulty of procuring popular lecturers.

We understand that Mr. G. A. Stow is to lecture on the 11th inst., his subject being "Freethought, Atheism and Spiritualism," this lecture will doubtless attract a large attendance and lead to an animated debate.

At the January meeting of the committee, it was resolved unanimously that during Mr. Peebles' visit here, the Association would suspend the Masonic Hall meetings and devote all their energies to the assistance of that gentleman in connection with his lectures.

The Association has now an excellent library of Freethought and Spiritualistic works, which are loaned to members without charge. A quarterly subscription of 5s. entitles a member to free admission to Masonic Hall lectures and use of the library.

The "Medium" of November 3rd, contains *fac-similes* of writing done on two slates through the mediumship of Dr. Slade, the two slates being tied together, and the writing appearing on the inner sides. One of the writings was in Greek, and proved to be the 26th verse of the 1st chapter of Genesis.

OUTLINES OF SPIRITUALISM.

By Frederic Bond.

NO I.—THE FIRST STEPPING-STONES.

—o—

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade, and pass away;
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! an angel form,
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them dead;

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted unto bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers!"

Considering that the subject of Modern Spiritualism has now been prominently before the world for over a quarter of a century it is truly astounding to find that so many grossly erroneous ideas as to what it really is prevail at the present day. To some people Spiritualism is but another term for the queer, erratic movements of a table, the often ungrammatical utterances of an entranced medium, or the wonder-inspiring performances of Heller, the Fakir of Oolu, *et hoc genus omne*; whilst to others again the very name is suggestive of the mystifying cabinet *séances* of the world-renowned Davenport Brothers and charlatanry in general. With such existing notions as these therefore, it is by no means difficult to account for the terms of abuse, ridicule, and contempt which have been discharged so lavishly and unrestrainedly upon Spiritualism and Spiritualists alike from time to time. But it will generally be observed that those persons who resort to such means as these in order to obstruct the progress of Spiritualism are for the most part strikingly unacquainted with the subject; for it is a notable fact that by far the greater proportion of those who expend a reasonable length of time in the investigation of its phenomena, precepts and philosophy ultimately become converted to it. Those there are whose acquaintance with the subject does not extend beyond the meagre information that can be gleaned from the sundry adverse paragraphs upon it occasionally appearing in the columns of the newspaper or periodical press, or who perchance may have been present at one or two Spiritualistic circles, or perused a so-called "exposure" of the "monstrous humbug;" and yet these persons do not seem to exhibit the slightest diffidence in pronouncing their verdict upon it. That impressions such as those alluded to are entirely erroneous must be patent to all who have in-investigated the phenomena alleged to be spiritual in an unprejudiced and dispassionate spirit for any reasonable length of time; for table-rapping and similar physical manifestations certainly do not represent what is known as Spiritualism any more than the pictures which used to appear in a certain Melbourne illustrated weekly paper now defunct could be said to represent Art, or than the cacophonous sounds produced by the generality of German bands when loyally indulging in the national anthem of the Fatherland—"The watch on the Rhine;"—the execrably discordant dirges of a street organ whose stock pieces appear to be centred in the "Old Hundredth" and "Rule Britannia," or the shrill, shaky notes of a penny tin-whistle can be said to fairly represent—Music. The phenomena in question do but constitute the introduction—the first stepping-stones or A B C as it were—to Spiritualism proper; they are but the lower rungs of the ladder, which, if the searcher after Truth be ardent and assiduous enough to climb, will eventually lead to the higher spheres of moral and spiritual knowledge and felicity. What would at first appear to the uninitiated to be merely trivial, if not altogether contemptible phases of the manifestations—such as a great deal of the table tilting and planchette writing for instance—are but the surface soil of the digger's claim, beneath which lies the golden treasure of Knowledge and Truth. Deep down it lies—a beautiful, glittering nugget that will be a more than ample reward for all the trouble and toil expended in digging it out; but the digger must search for it with unwearying perseverance and indomitable will if he ever hopes to reach the rich, gladdening prize. It may be urged, how is it that the higher class of manifestations are not to be witnessed by the investigator in the first instance, without having to go through such secondary phenomena as table-tipping &c.? As well might it be asked—How is it that the musical student is not able to execute one of Mozart's most difficult sonatas at the first or second music lesson? Or again. Why cannot the mathematician determine the altitude of a certain tower, or mountain, given the length of the base and the angle opposite the vertical line, without having first learnt one of the most elementary trigonometrical formulæ?

No one will deny that the present age is markedly materialistic in its tendency. Nor can we wonder at this being the case. The searching eyes of Science are constantly revealing to us some new facts, some new discoveries—facts and discoveries be it remembered that in many instances completely revolutionize our preconceived and long-cherished notions on many subjects, but more particularly in reference to theology and those writings which mankind has so long been taught to regard as the infallible word of God. The Bible and Science are irreconcileably at variance with each other; no amount of twisting and distorting will make all the statements of the one accord with the facts of the other. Those who are acquainted with the principles of Spiritualism will know that it and it alone is able to bridge over the otherwise unbridgeable chasm existing between the Bible on the one hand and Science on the other. Spiritualism it is that supplies incentives for a pure life in the transitory world we now dwell in, and furnishes proof palpable of a future existence—not the future existence which the faith of modern Christians teaches us to expect, in which the spirits of the just made perfect are destined to spend immortal hours in chanting psalms and waving palms while the spirits of the wicked are irredeemably doomed to live for ever and ever in everlasting torment, but a real, rational, conscious existence in spheres whither the spirits of all men of all ages and all nations wing their flight, where congenial occupation will be given to them and opportunity afforded for their eternal progression. No other reason can fairly be attributed as the cause of so many refusing to enquire into the claims of Spiritualism than that of ignorance and prejudice; for experience has proved that by far the majority commence their investigation of the subject as its bitter and uncompromising opponents ultimately becoming its most zealous and enthusiastic advocates.

Can Christianity or any other system of religion except Spiritualism furnish positive evidence of the continued existence of man's soul after the change termed Death? No—the exponents of such systems ask you to believe in faith what Spiritualism proves as fact beyond dispute. Their doctrines are vague, unsatisfying, and unpractical; but those of Spiritualism are real, definite, and convincing. Actuated by a desire to arrive at the Truth the reflecting man, after tedious doubting and cross-questioning within himself at length asks in utter despair—"Can it be true then, as so many scientists tell us, that man dies like the beast of the field? granted that man does possess a soul, what becomes of it after it has left its human frame? Is it totally annihilated, or does it exist for ever? If the latter, does it at death, take wing to eternal, unquenchable fire and torment or to supernal realms of everlasting bliss?" with these and many more similar questions on his lips the anxious truthseeker turns to that sect of human entities recognized throughout Christendom as the spiritual guides of the people; but, alas! from them no positive, definite information can be obtained. One of them indeed, and a clever man* withal, says that although he has studied the question of immortality for more than twenty-two years he has as yet no knowledge of the future life, or of what becomes of man's soul after his death. All the consolation that the inquirer is able to obtain from these "spiritual guides" is a sanctimonious admonition to "trust in the loving Father, for He will make all plain in His own good time." Still perplexed and unsatisfied the doubting truthseeker next turns to the

*The Rev. W. R. Alger, Unitarian Minister, of Boston.

votaries of Science, who, he confidently believes, will be able to supply him with some definite an incontestable information on the subject; but again he meets with some similar result, for the scientist replies in tones of ice that science has hitherto been unable to discover absolute proofs of the soul's future existence—that many of its devotees in fact deny the possibility of its existence apart from matter, alleging that what we have been accustomed to term "soul" is in reality the *wind* itself—and that therefore men know nothing whatever about it, much as some may pretend:

> "Divines can say but what themselves believe,
> Strong pro fs they have, but not demonstrative;
> For were all plain, then must all sides agree,
> And Faith itself be lost in Certainty.

The facts of Spiritualism, it may be well to reiterate, form the only indisputable and demonstrable proofs of a future existence that man has yet been vouchsafed. Seeing therefore the thick cloud of ignorance, bigotry, and misrepresentation with which it is at present enshrouded, it is proposed in this course of papers to delineate its leading characteristics, moral and spiritual ethics, and objects. It is hoped that at the conclusion of this series of short papers the darkness which may now envelope the minds of some readers in regard to the subject of Spiritualism will then be brightly and eternally illumined by the sun of knowledge and truth.

MODERN ART AND LITERATURE.

Beside and beneath the mighty currents which find direct utterance in the works of the great Scientific and Religious thinkers, we discover eddies, rapids, and straits in the stream, by which we can measure even more accurately its general forces—By far the majority of mankind are only unconsciously controlled by the systems of their day, and of the remainder as large a proportion are exponents of it only in indirect fashions; their tendencies being either towards the worship of and expression though the Beautiful, or in lighter forms more nearly allied to their dispositions and opportunity. The domain of Art is, if possible, of even greater importance and more profound meaning than that of Science, it is based as firmly upon the Moral, as its rival is upon the Intellectual nature of man, and if overshadowed in the present day is so by the superior powers of the advocates of knowledge, and not by any intrinsic virtue of that study, as compared with its Divine Inspiration—Limited as our review must necessarily be, we shall draw our chief conclusions from the most familiar, universal, and powerful of its children, referring to Music and its sisters only in support of Poetry; the very soul and centre of all other Arts, and most closely connected with the prevailing philosophies—The singer is often Seer and Prophet in one, forereaching the greatest results of the future. Milton in the Archangelic splendours of his verse, described the Development of Life, as Darwin and Davis do, telling how "Body up to Spirit worked"—The exquisite soliloquy of Faust beginning:—

> "How all things in a whole here weave and blend."
> "One in the other working, moving, living."

is the very psalm of Evolution; while Vedic Hymns, and Hamlet's jests, hundreds of years before Groves and Joule toiled in Laboratories, taught us the greatest Doctrine of our day when telling of "The Persistence of Force and the Indestructibility of Matter.—Our present Minnesingers if they are unproductive of Epic, or Tragedy, and in no particular sense Light—bearers to their Kind, are at least most exact correspondents to and voices of their own age, of preparation rather than achievement, of labor more than prayer.

Tennyson, the favorite chorister, displays the refinement of a fastidious and artificial Society; one in whom the rude haste of youth, and the rough strength of manhood, has given place to the polished inactivity of a courtly age. Not all without hopes and memories, occassionally as in "Maud" breaking forth in a Byronic wail; tinged with the sadness of a sinking flame, with mildest mannered Heterodoxy, and inoffensive scorn of fashionable foibles—His "Queen Mary" and "Idylls," are for the shelves of the Library, his songs for the drawing room, and his "In Memoriam" for all, and forever, with "Lycidas" and "Adonais" the Elegies of our English tongue. Robert Browning is a man of altogether mightier mould, larger in his aims, his sight, his faults, and his successes; Carlylean, in the rugged mysticism and firebreathing passion of his Dramatic poems—A kind of radical freebooter, with immense strength, and confused speech, as in passages of "Paracelsus," and "Sordello," and pages of "The Ring and the Book," more and more defiantly declaiming in his later "Fifines" and "Night-caps'," but in such as "The Blot on the Scutcheon," "Pippa" and "In a Balcony" incomparably the noblest minstrel of the mind. If an exception can be made it would be that of his wife. Elizabeth Barrett, who in pure fire and intense spirituality, a female Shelley, with a depth and sweetness which render her "Sonnets," and "Aurora Leigh" a priceless legacy, is yet like Spenser a poet of poets, and one incomprehensible to the outer throng, upon whose ears her fervent heart cries fell unheeded, and whose grosser atmosphere stifled the last Nightingale in the groves of Helicon, with her melancholy rapture yet but half begun. The culture of Rossetti, and the delicate taste of Morris, find in Swinburne the most popular leader of their "Fleshly School," who, in the most aggressive materialism, democratic as Walt. Whitman, atheistical as Lucretius is a complete contrast to the cautiousness of Tennyson, as his richly varied, and involved melodies, unequalled in British metre, are opposed to the uncouth carelessness of Browning. The lurid color and sensual grace of his "Chastelard" and "Bothwell," are accompanied in "Poems and Ballads," and "Songs before Sunrise" by anti-christian warsongs and in "Atalanta," his finest work toned by the fierce and disdainful courage of a despairing soul—Buchanan, the severest critic of this last coterie, is himself a lyrist of no mean order, with a healthy vigor of style and loftier tone of feeling—Some transient meteors such as Alexander Smith, Sydney Dobell, Clough, and Tupper, it scarcely avails to note, though the first was undoubtedly possessed of much of the genuine spirit of Poesy—Nor can we stay to resuscitate such unknown stars, as Beddoes, Taylor, or Wells, to their true place in the firmament, where Austin, Patmore, Praed, Houghton, and David Gray shine with a milder radiance. We are compelled to pass uncriticised the followers of Tennyson, noticeable as being chiefly feminine, of whom Mrs. Webster, and Jean Ingelow are of more than ordinary merit, as well as Alfred de Musset, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and the recent German bards. America calls for comment with Longfellow, the Prince of Domestic Poetry, who in simple but unequalled ballads, trenches often upon the spheres of his most ambitious contemporaries, by the earnest nobility, which in his unvarying accompaniment. Bryant, Whittier, and Whitman, are comrades who, with the miscellaneous writers so plentiful in the Union maintain the Republican austerity, freedom and home influences, which are its proudest possession. T L. Harris, Gerald Massey, and Miss Doten, are names whose praise may appear partial here, but it may be noticed that one of the most rigorous critics of England, has not long ago openly proclaimed the first as one in the very highest ranks of "Poets of the Period," and while we can point to such creations, as a "A Lyric of the Morning Land," and "A Tale of Eternity," Spiritualists need not fear to challenge comparison with their unacknowledged brethren. Of the characteristics which a survey of this field thrusts upon us, the first is, the want of any pre-eminently great works, such as would give expression to the dumb Life of our Era, and guide it by a new Revelation of Divinity. Instead of so doing, it now follows the advances of knowledge, and repeats only that which others teach in smoother phrases—Secondly its diffusions, both a greater production, and reception extending its diminished sway, through newspaper "corners," and cheap volumes—Thirdly its scientific tendencies, its reverence for experimental research, and its consequent freedom of thought, inclining to materialism. Fourthly its Spiritualistic teachings, given reservedly in Tennyson and Longfellow, who are at once by their own voices, or want of voices, on both sides of the hedge, and partially

by Browning, as his touching reference (in "The Ring and the Book") to his departed wife, would seem to imply—More distinctly in her he mourned, as in all true poets, and clearseers, and most in those who become like Lizzie Doten, the conscious vehicles of their glowing inspirations.—Fifthly, and proceeding greatly from the last, a return to primitive Christianity, and the fetters of the Creeds.

In Painting the stupendous genius of Turner, belongs rather to the generation of Landor and Wordsworth, than to our own, in which Constable, Prout, Stanfield, and Copley Fielding, are supported by the famous Pre-Raphaelites, of whom Rossetti and Madox Brown, were the early leaders. But here as in Poetry, it is a wider field and a lower standard, that meets our eyes. The pictures are remarkable for effects, as in the French, or accuracy, as in the German figure schools—the first though of marvellous technical ability, almost universally repugnant because of the grossness of its details, even in its Gerome and Doré; the latter, much superior, and often of the higher class, as in the fine strength of Becker. But even the best, notable for pathos in Landseer, for color in Millais, for fidelity in Wilkie, for purity in Holman Hunt, but for the supremacy and completeness of Genius, in none. The greatest apostle of the Arts, John Ruskin, whose "Modern Painters" and "Seven Lamps of Architecture" are the gospels of their respective branches, has in these as in his Lectures, at Oxford and elsewhere, shown a more thorough understanding of their true principles, and done more to advance them in the Present and Future, than any Man before or since. Yet his thoughts of these, his chosen studies, are full of sadness, as the World blinded to all light, but that of street lamps, or railway lanterns, stumbles deeper and deeper into the gloom.

Chantrey, and Flaxman. in Sculpture; Wagner, and Mattei, in Music, linger lonely above the horrors of hideousness which represent our Architecture, and the concert hall jangling that usurps the place of Harmony. Not only is their barrenness of new growth, but Ignorance of buried treasures, or what is worse, defilement—Beethoven and Mozart, in the sublimity of their magnificence, grow heavy with the dust of disregard, and while a cottage Piano is thumped in every stuccoed Villa, "execution" takes the place of Handel, or Haydn, Schubert, and Schumann, are scorned; Mendelssohn murdered, Rossini torn to tatters, and the very names of Gluch and Bach forgotten.

Worship is profaned by impious hymns, set to mumbling moaning, supposed an appropriate offering to an Infinite Soul, while the trashy tinsel of Opera Bouffe, but one remove from the insanity of Pantomime, coarse in its language, and vile in its tinkling imbecility, is substituted for the majestic Symphonies and solemn Sonatas of the great Masters. That there is aught in Music beyond the titillation of the ear; the tones of the spirit speaking from between the wings of the cherubim, and from out a cloud, are, together with all ennobling and worthy uses, utterly ignored except by such scattered enthusiasts as Mrs. Weldon. The thought and feeling which created, and lie behind the voice of melody, the only things necessary for comprehension, and interpretation in it, are cast aside for Fireworks, in flimsy Fantasias merely mechanical, while the corruptions of the Casino rule in the homes and mouths of the people. The Opera is largely stultified by the immoral idiocy of its plots, the Drama, most sacred vestal of the virtues, is prostituted to sensation pieces, and sickly French nastinesses. A genius like Mrs. Scott-Siddons, or Rachel, stars like Irving, Salvini, or Majeroni; artistes like Ristori, shine forth from the surrounding darkness, and it understandeth them not.

The noblest moral agent which England's greatest genius forever sanctified, partakes of the prevailing taint, and while larger Theatres, and a pitch of perfection in properties, never before rivalled, draws the greatest audiences, they are of a lower class, and witness a meaner entertainment, than those which Garrick created and illumined, or Kean so grandly led.

In Fiction, the same unnatural activity of consumption, and the same pollution, and adulteration of food, are plainly manifest, and with the masses "London" and other Journals, take the place of the pure Imaginations of Scott, from whom the novel, though lighted by the talents of Richardson, Fielding, Smollet, and Defoe, took a new place in Artistic Literature. After his nobility and power had laid the foundation, we had a Dickens whose quaint humours moved the multitude to tears and laughter in poetic diction; a Thackeray as a satirist, unparalleled in social life, with the tastes of an artist, and the refinement of a scholar; a Lytton, whose romances were the idols of the young, and a Hawthorne the fascination of whose weird style, places him, in his writings, as in his life, apart from, and above the crowds. To these was added an innumerable army, who, delegated from every class, made the favorite modern medium of expression, their own. High among all stands Charles Kingsley, the Author of the Epical "Westward Ho," strong in his Broad Church sympathies, as in his eloquent delineation of the good and true. His brother Henry, of Australian celebrity, in "Geoffry Hamlin," and of English repute in "Ravenshoe" is closer to the fashionable group of which Black, Blackmore, and Mrs. Oliphant, are most worthy. Hardy, the latest star in "Far from the Madding Crowd," with Mrs. Edwards, is of an original excellence, while Maitland, in his "Pilgrim and the Shrine" and "Higher Law" has attained to a most cultured audience, and solid reputation.

"Ouida," the Swinburne of Fiction, startles the skirts of propriety by her cometary splendour and daring coloring, no less than by her unquestionable ability. Mrs Lynn Linton and Mrs. Fawcett, are other instances of feminine power, only cast into comparative shade, with all others, before the resplendent genius of "George Eliot," who for psychological insight, tender Wisdom, and dramatic intensity, is without a peer, even "George Sand" yielding to her, if not in sweetness, in strength, and the vastness of her range. A translator and original thinker of the highest order, educated in the most advanced teachings of the latest Modern Philosophy, and acquainted with the greatest of its leaders, the authoress of "Middlemarch" 'Romola" and "Felix Holt" is at once the Queen of Fiction, and of the deepest Scientific School.

The sphere of general Literature is so vast, that a catalogue of its contributors would be an undertaking of no mean order; recalling to memory one or two to complete our view, we find History in the hands of Prescott and Motley, Macaulay and Froude, so enchantingly treated as to rival the former division in interest. Biography in William White's "Life of Swedenborg" has given us a work perhaps as near perfection as is possible to man—A model of perspicuity and thoughtful criticism. Henry Morley, in his "Cornelius Agrippa" "Palissy" and "Cardan" deserves an almost equal acknowledgment, though not possessing the spiritual experience of White, his delineation of the great Von Nettesheim is in some respects defective. Such men as these and Deutsch are benefactors of Humanity, in the devotion of their lives to such monuments of Scholarship. Spedding, the Editor of Bacon and the Author of the article on "Theism" in a recent number of the Westminister Review, are kindred spirits in the great work.

Satire, in the hands of Butler, is far from extinct—"Erewhon" and "Colymbia" the higher English parallels to Mark Twain, A. Ward, and Bret Harte, or more properly to Lowell, serve to keep us from a part of our national seriousness, while Irving, Margaret Fuller, O. W. Holmes, and Poe, in the New World, are the cultivated intellects which lead us up to Emerson. An unclassifiable man of intense individuality, with wide sympathies, and mighty powers, he is a thinker rather than a writer, who stooping to no persuasion, pursues the lofty tenor of his thoughts regardless of the World around him—A contemplative radical, and advanced spiritual seer, he stands the single priest of a solitary shrine, who without intermediaries or formalisms looks forth on God and nature. Foregoing all attempt to consider the Literature of supply and demand, written in and for the

moment, we may notice the restless curiosity of Europe, exhibited in the works of Livingstone, Speke, Baker, Burton, with the boyish Deities from Ballantyne to Jules Verne, and pass thence to the next great means of popular instruction, which in the hands of a Wendell Phillips, a Gough, or a Peebles becomes a great and worthy instrument. Oratory in these days is dead in Politics and Pulpit, given over to greed, but lives in the Lecture, which to the masses, is a favorite form of Education. By far the greatest mouthpiece of Modern (want of) thought, is the periodical press, which pandering to the prejudices of its subscribers, gives but a weak dilution of great truths, amongst the filth and garbage that it rakes from brothel and alley, to bring to the family breakfast-table. The organ of party prejudice political, and social, swayed chiefly by personal motives, behind the curtain of an anonimity, defensible only in times of past danger, it stabs in the back by the hands of ruffians, all who are below or above it. The voice and oracle of small minds, perched upon the summit of selfsufficiency, through it the most biassed and incapable, become the judges of their fellow men. With glib insolence, and barren superficiality, they distract the minds of many from the nobler thinkers, and put an advertisement sheet in the place of the inspired volume. Once the enemy, it is now often the rod of Tyranny, and the clarion voice of Liberty is changed to the ribald virulence of License. Again our conclusions return to us. Never were the Arts of such wide influence, never was Literature so encouraged and obeyed. But Democracy has brought degradation; inferior, if not injurious Imaginations, and meagre compositions, destroy the taste of the multitude, as the Press distorts and pollutes the Truths it should so unflinchingly teach. We have to learn that quality and not quantity is the prize of progress, that a searching reformation is needed in these most powerful agencies, if we would attempt, or enable posterity to attain, the heights of genuine culture. Only when some such a purgation is effected, can we hope to produce great geniuses, and by pure methods develope the perfect flower. The only real advance of the Present upon the Past is in opportunity. We have now in Studio, Platform, and Press, a Freedom and an organisation that enables us to do much harm, where we might instead accomplish the greatest good. The first demand of the times, is for the removal of the heavy heritage with which Antiquity has burdened us, the second for the purification of the powers we possess, and the third for the erection from them of the New and True. Spiritualism alone has the ability to perform these tasks. —Not only does it most effectually deliver us from unjust customs, and superstitions, but it offers us the most direct inducements to attack the hydra-headed abortions of our misdirected civilisation, and presents us with a New Birth, which we may convert into the Saviour of our kind. Its Press has hitherto maintained a high character, with the exception of those organs that deal unduly in mere physical and sensational manifestations, and such few individuals as recently disgraced themselves by their base attacks on Occultism—the atrocity of which was only equalled by its absurdity. Three things only are needed and these imperatively.—First, Facts scientifically attested, and explained.—Secondly, Principles and Truths communicated.—Thirdly, Lives witnessing and corresponding to them in Love and Charity, Tolerance and Faith, Patience and Courage under assault, Forgiveness and Gentleness to one another and the whole world. These will satisfy all the wants, and remove all the dangers, which our investigation has disclosed to us in Thought, and its keenest expression, Art and Literature.

The lesson we should learn from our knowledge of the present is that it requires the most determined action, the most careful thought, and the most elaborate censorship. Its evil is in esse, its good in posse, and Spiritualists more than all others are called to the attack of the one, and the unfoldment of the other. Following a Spencer, a Ruskin, and an Emerson, studying a Turner, a Beethoven, and a George Eliot, the more gratefully as recognising their sublime offices in the great brotherhood; and the more hopefully as combining and uniting them with God's Angels in their greatest work—the Perfection of Humanity.

THE MOSAIC SABBATH A MYTH.

In your last I proposed to demonstrate from scientific facts that the Mosaic Sabbath, is a *pious fraud*. To do so, I must prove the Mosaic account of creation, upon which it is founded, to be a myth. I shall show that it contains contradictions and irreconcilable statements, and is opposed TO ITSELF, TO REASON, AND TO SCIENTIFIC FACTS. That it is "opposed to itself" is seen by a comparison of the first two chapters, these contain two distinctly different accounts of creation, evidently the production of two different authors; one of which uses the word "God," and the other "The Lord God." The first chapter ought to have included the four first verses of the second chapter.

In the first chapter we are informed that "the *waters* brought forth the fowls that fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven, *every winged fowl after his kind.*" i. 21. In the second, "*and out of the ground the Lord God formed every fowl of the air,*" v. 19.

All living creatures are represented in the first chapter as being created before Adam; in the second chapter as after him, but before Eve.

According to the first chapter, God created man "male and female," on the sixth day; according to the second, Adam was made first, and Eve not till some time afterwards; as Adam is first represented as employed as a gardener, in Eden, and then as a naturalist, naming "every living creature," which, as they amount to some hundred thousands, and are said to have been brought to Adam, this must have occupied him a considerable time if true, and Eve does not appear to have been created till afterwards.

This creation was not therefore accomplished in six days, and contains no mention whatever about a Sabbath, nor of the resting and being refreshed by the Creator of millions of suns and systems, after the fatigues of arranging our little planet.

Again in the first chapter we are informed, that on the sixth day, man was commanded "to multiply," and God gave him the dominion of the earth, "to replenish," and "to subdue it;" in the second a garden "to dress and to keep."

In the first, God gave him liberty to eat of the fruit "*of every tree*" apparently without exception. In the second, mention is made of two trees of the fruit of which he is forbidden to eat.

Then the story of the fall connected with the second, is inconsistent with the first, as also is the Garden of Eden. And the account of a Garden of Eden, a fall, and of a Christna, an Incarnate God who suffered as an atonement for mankind were taught in India long before they were preached to the Jews; and the Hebrew is only an edition of the Sanscrit the sacred language of the Hindoos, and is understood by learned Brahmins. The writer has heard from the lips of a Brahmin a number of words quoted, which are the same in both, and he stated he perfectly understood Hebrew. Which is most likely to be the original, the Sanscrit, or the Hebrew; the Hindoo, or the Jewish religion? that Brahmin was Ram Mohen Roy, with whom the writer was a fellow-passenger to England. But to conclude, truth is always consistent with itself; whenever, therefore, two narratives contain contradictory statements, or which are incompatible with each other, one of them must be false; and the other, while unproven to be true, is unworthy our acceptance as truth; and no one will affirm it to be true, but an ignoramus, a bigot, or a rogue, who has an interest in doing so; no lover of truth will!

R.

Mrs. M. Fox Cane, one of the celebrated Fox family, has placed her services at the disposal of Dr. Carpenter for a short series of investigating sittings. It is probable she will evolve phenomena which will give this sceptical scientist some trouble to explain or account for.

We learn from Mr. J. C. Wilkes of Auckland, that a circle recently established at his house is meeting with considerable success, and on January 18th, a spirit purporting to be Dr. Richards gave a poetical greeting and an encouraging address through the organism of Mrs. W. Martin junr., of that city.

THE ATTITUDE OF SCIENTIFIC MEN TOWARDS REVELATION.

SUCH is the title of an address delivered by the Rev. S. J. Whitmee, to the students of the Congregational College at Melbourne, in which, the Rev. gentleman, among other remarks expressed his conviction, that "a number of the foremost scientific men have a sincere respect for religion" in this statement we cordially concur; nay, go much farther, and say; many of them earnestly desire to see the clergy of the churches, do as the scientists have done, revive their antiquated systems of teaching, and "prove all things," according to the most approved modern methods of investigating, and ascertaining truth; rejecting everything that will not stand these tests; the result of which would be to harmonize all the Sects, and science uniting them together, in one true and universal religion, the religion of truth, of God, and of nature; and enabling theology to occupy the position of a science, from which it is at present debarred; and instead of there being hundreds of conflicting sects—to form one universal brotherhood over all the earth.

The reverend gentleman, recommended the students to study the sciences that they may keep pace with the intelligence of the age, and be able to meet scientific men on doubts arising from scientific *theories*." (!) How much better would it have been if he had called their attention to the unity, harmony, and co-operation which exists among scientific men, and contrasted it with the discord, and divisions, which exist in the religious world; reminding them that every kingdom, or house, divided against itself "*cometh to desolation.*" The sciences don't attack the religions, but the religions are continually persecuting the sciences, insisting upon their submission to their authority, and will not permit scientific men to study the works of God in their museums, or the works of man in their libraries on the only day of the week on which they have leisure to do so. Scientific men love religion, but it is the religion of reason, of truth, of nature, and of God, the results of evidence and careful investigation; not of ignorance, superstition, and intolerance. Strange that *professed* disciples of the admirable reformer who taught us "blessed are the peacemakers" should be of all men the most divided, the greatest obstructionists and the most intolerant.

SCIENCE.

THE SPIRITUAL SITUATION—WHO'S TO BLAME?

UNDER the above caption, there appears in the "Banner of Light," of Nov. 28th last, an eloquent article from the pen of Mrs. E. H. Britten. Reviewing the causes of the present disturbed and unsatisfactory condition of the Spiritualistic movement in America, the writer clearly shows the responsibility to be at the doors of the well-to-do, and presumably intelligent Spiritualists, who, instead of standing by their colors when their ranks were invaded by unprincipled tricksters or pseudo Social Reformers, have retreated from the ranks for fear of being considered their companions. Another fruitful cause and encouragement to imposition in connection with physical phenomena is the morbid desire for sensation. Physical manifestations are looked upon as a show, and curiosity, rather than a desire to test the reality of spirit communion, is the motive which prompts the visitor to these seances, which are attended principally by those already convinced of the fact. Poor and unprincipled media are thereby encouraged to get up phenomena beyond what their attendant aids could produce; and clever tricksters, innocent of mediumistic powers, adopt the role for profit, knowing that the gullibility of the ordinary seance visitors will favor their success. She complains (and justly so) of the inconsistency of Spiritualists who support orthodox churches, and neglect to aid the apostles of their own belief.

The following is the conclusion of her letter, which we commend to the earnest attention of Spiritualists here:—

"It is quite true that the impure teachings of ultra-radicalism which have been permitted to usurp our rostrums, and the shameless tricks practised at our spirit circles, have formed the plea upon which these defalcations have been excused; but I would ask whether that plea is just, reasonable or manly? Will it be received as such in the hour of judgment, and the day of inevitable reckoning hereafter? I think not. But I do think it will some day be as apparent to the million, as it now is to the solitary individual who dictates these lines, that if those who claim to be the good, the true, the strong and the wise, had stood by the noble ship as steadfastly as those whom they denounce as the bad, the false, the weak and the foolish, Spiritualism need never have been given up to the evil doer, never have been disgraced by the errors and shortcomings of its ranks, in a word, that it might have become what it so fairly promised to be, the world's redeemer from the darkness and errors which now disgrace the age; the true Messiah for which mankind is watching and waiting. It has been betrayed *by its friends*, given up to its foes, and permitted to fall into the very hands which are now struck and buffeted for misrepresenting it.

I think, nay I know, we do much to redeem its degradation and rebuild it in strength, majesty, usefulness and beauty, did we unite to sustain and uphold it in the right spirit. Instead of attacking, slandering, and backbiting each other, instead of out-Heroding the cruelest of our ancient enemies, in heaping up rancorous denunciations, envious criticisms, and spiteful attacks against each other, why are we not now, as formerly, joining hands to help and strengthen, comfort and aid each other, and in the success and well-being of one of our own ranks, recognising the triumph and elevation of our entire army? I can speak with all confidence, and from the most bitter *experience* on this point, and affirm that in all my public career, commenced as a little child, and conducted according to my highest light up to the present hour, I have never experienced from any classes of society, never endured from the envy of individuals, or the jealousy of cliques, half the amount of rancor, spite, and abuse, that I have received at the hands of Spiritualists during the last four years, and that for no earthly cause that I can divine, save my untiring efforts to preach, teach, and prove Spiritualism in its purest and most unadulterated truth. Let this unkind, ungenerous, and ruinous spirit of diabolism cease from amongst us. Let us once more unite, shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand, voice to voice, to proclaim the new dispensation in its highest, holiest, and most salvatory, not in its lowest, meanest, and most degraded form Let us come together in council to devise means for its scientific culture and investigation; means for its religious propagandism; means for the distribution and utilization of its many gifts. Let us return on our footsteps, begin again, and with clean hands, clean hearts, resolute purposes, and unselfish desires for the general good, help to rebuild the beautiful temple which the vices, follies and errors of our own ranks have done more to destroy than all the enemies who have ever assailed us from without; enemies who would never have prevailed against us, had not the seeds of corruption and weakness found their stronghold in the very camp of Spiritualism.

Who's to blame? Let each one ask his own heart this question, and if he cannot answer it as satisfactorily as his conscience requires, let him change it into the atoning cry—"What can we do to save, and be saved?"

ANOTHER EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF LEVITATION.

THE "Medium," of October 28th, contains a long and particular account of the circumstances attending the transference of Mr. E. Bullock from a closed and locked room at Islington to Clapton, a distance of upwards of two miles, by some supermundane power, believed to be the spirits of departed human beings. There are fourteen witnesses to the facts, giving their names and addresses in full, who attest the account written by Mr. Starnes.

FREE THOUGHTS ON THE LIFE OF JESUS.

By a Writing Medium.

Chapter II.
(Continued.)

Turning again to the movements of Jesus, we may readily admit that he was a frequent visitor to Jerusalem. What Jew moved by the sentiments which influenced Jesus, would fail to try his hand even at the head-quarters of his nation? And, when it is considered that at that rural suburb, Bethany, he had friends very dear to him, we may readily imagine that he would often visit Jerusalem, and, within its walls, give utterance to the deep thoughts which moved his soul.

Many incidents must have occured both at Jerusalem, Bethany, and even on the road to Galilee, through Samaria, of which the Evangelistic records give us glimpses, full of significance. Incidents calculated to deepen convictions in the mind of Jesus himself, to enlarge the range of his capacity, and impart a colouring to his general teachings. We do not attach any value to the so-called Sermon on the Mount, as a whole; doubtless, in this heterogeneous collection, we have gathered many of the utterances of Jesus given forth at different times, and containing within their compass ideas to be accepted and ideas to be rejected. It is with other matters we prefer to deal as indicative of his moral worth. Aspects of character, as these are presented in the performances which are imputed to him; and movements proclaiming him a political agitator, and in may instances a blind enthusiast and wild visionary.

Let us look at these items of his history in order. Influenced by benevolent motives of no ordinary character, Jesus used a power which he evidently possessed, to aid humanity under its suffering phases. As a healer, he seems to have yielded to the cry for sympathy which arose around him. And, although we are far from willing to adopt all the legends which are contained in the Evangelistic narratives and other records to this effect, we readily admit that a power possessed, not on a supernatural basis, but inherent in all men if developed aright, was used by Jesus to relieve his fellow-creatures; and that many a tongue blessed his memory for the readiness with which he responded to the call of suffering humanity.

In regard to the miraculous element of the life of Jesus, we find two classes of writers dealing therewith at extreme points. There are those who readily accept all the possible facts relating to his performances and there are others who reject them because they feel that any reference to miraculous display, is contrary to the operation of nature's laws. Now we think there is a middle course. The laws of nature are clearly not understood as regards their operations in many respects; and while we exclude bare-faced assumption in reference to the acts of Jesus, we can readily admit that he, like many before and since, in perfect harmony with laws of nature in their undeviating operation, might have performed acts which to the uninitiated appeared as supernatural. Could we but know for certain what Jesus really did effect during his life in this respect, then it would be more easy to decide the question. But as it is, we must be content to treat the matter on a rational basis, and never lose sight of the fact that there could have been in his case, as in that of any other person, any departure from the strict law of order whereby the universe was governed.

When we turn to the questions which have a reference to his political relation, his enthusiasm, and the visionary aspect of his character, we then get a key to unlock many of the otherwise difficult passsages of his life. What life is there that lacks the dead fly in the pot of ointment? What house is there without its skeleton in the cupboard? And when it is considered that in relation to the life of Jesus it was a fact that that life was made up of the usual phases to which each earth life is subject, then his personality becomes to us more important, and he inconceivably more precious as a brother man, than if it be admitted that he was a God, nay God himself; for then it would be clear to the weakest apprehension that the God which Jesus represented, was not the God of the universe in whom men can trust as the Infinite Father, and as the All-wise and absolutely perfect One.

It has been said by some writers, that Jesus carefully avoided the domain of politics. Indeed, he himself is represented as saying on one occasion, "My kingdom is not of this world;" and we verily believe that he meant to keep himself free from such complications as an interference with the relations of the State always involves. We cannot but think, however, that there was a considerable tendency in his teaching to arouse the suspicion of the Roman authorities, that he was an agitator in secret; and that his teachings were calculated not only to unsettle the Jewish mind in regard to their own institutions, but also to render them impatient of the Roman yoke. It is said that he was continually referring to another kingdom, the kingdom of God, or the kingdom of Heaven; and although we believe his reference was not to a political institution, yet there would be a clear tendency in the direction of implied dissatisfaction with the Roman yoke, and the expectation of something better, which must have involved deliveranee from the Roman control.

Had Jesus been a member of the Essenian brotherhood, he would have been above suspicion as regards political agitation; he was not, however, to so full an extent pledged to the principles of the Essenians, as would preclude the possibility of his disseminating what might have appeared to some of his countrymen as treasonable doctrine. This fact admitted, will probably explain the readiness which the Roman authorities manifested to take his life as a conspirator, even though in this respect they may have misunderstood him, and done him an injustice.

From what we have of the supposed teachings of Jesus, it would be difficult to form a judgement as to the kind of political questions he would have advocated. His mind appeared to b absorbed by the spiritual aspects of life; and excepting that he clearly left his followers to infer that he himself was a king in disguise, we might have concluded that such considerations had no place either in his thoughts, or the system he attempted to propound.

It was far different, however, as regards his enthusiasm and visionary belief. In these respects he frequently allowed his enthusiasm to overide his prudence; and, in professing to foretell coming events, laid himself open to the charge of permitting an excited imagination to take the place of sound reason. In this respect, his wish may have been father to the thought; and we can almost pardon his presumption, when we know how fnll of true earnestness for the good of man his heart was.

But, here again, we may be at fault. In those instances recorded of him, where he is represented as foretelling events to arise, both in the operations of nations and experience of individuals, we may have been misled by the mere legends palmed off as historic truth. It would, however, seem—if we may judge from the utterances of those who professed to be his disciples, the eariiest writers of the new dispensation—that the impression produced on their minds was of this character, leading them to go so far as to affirm that the almost immediate return of their Christ was at hand; and that on his arrival, he would establish a kingdom in which his disciples should sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel; with other matters too visionary to be entertained by reflecting minds.

Can we be surprised, however, that Jesus manifested the spirit of a visionary? Not at all; nothing is more natural than that the man who sets himself to secure a vast reform should be visited with dreams of the eventual triumph of his principles; and, that, in some way he himself should occupy a prominent place therein. Jesus, although a visionary in more respects than one, only suffered from a weakness which others of his class have experienced; and this failing although to be condemned on principle, would not interfere with the final triumph of truth which he endeavoured in his degree to secure. We give him all the credit which would be due to him, could his reported utterance to Pilate be substantiated: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world that I should bear witness unto the truth (John xviii. 37). In this utterance, whether his, or not, is included the great principle on which the Infinite Father has sent any of his creatures into this world, that in their existence, and the mode of their lives their intercourse with their fellow men, and the exhibition which would thus be made to observing spirit intelligences in the higher world, *that* of God which can be known, might be made manifest.

Does Jesus plead with you for such an expression of your sympathy, as shall make you more earnest in manifesting by your lives the truth of God? Then yield to him the homage which is due from those who are learning, to One. who having learned, has risen high in the scale of being, and does probably much to influence the progress of the race of man on earth in the right direction; and then, although you may not be able to worship him as God, you will learn to love him as a brother.

[With the above we conclude our extracts from this interesting review of the Life of Jesus. The volume may be obtained at our office, Mr. Geo. Robertson, the publisher, and of other booksellers. Price, 2s. Ed. H of Lt.]

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

PROPOUNDED BY "TASMANIA" IN LAST ISSUE.

GENERALLY the wall or article that obstructs the passage in the substance operated on. It is dematerialised by a chemical process, which we understand but cannot exactly explain The process somewhat resembles that by which on the application of heat you reduce the piece of ice, which apparently is as solid as a stone, to water; through which any substance can pass without interference. A wall composed of bricks and mortar requires stronger action than a material composed of but one substance, stone for instance.

If a substance is to be brought through this room, and there is one stone in it large enough to admit the passage of such a substance, the force would be brought to bear on that stone alone and not upon the adjacent material of the wall. Atom upon atom would be dissipated into gases.

When the passage of the substance is complete, the law of attraction which formerly held the stone together, again comes into action and collects the atoms side by side again until the wall is complete once more.

Sometimes much depends upon the material of which the wall is composed, and the substance to be passed through it. As a rule the wall or substance through which it is to pass is operated on chemically. Glass is not so easily operated on as a stone wall, for although each atom of the glass is held together by the same natural force, the material is in a less natural state. It is a manufactured article, and consequently the forces of nature are more or less interfered with. The stone being formed by nature is more readily subject to natural laws.

2nd question. With reference to the mind of the medium interfering with the communications.

There is no surer test in this matter than the intelligence of the enquirer. Without this supervision any statement might be received as emanating from influence outside the medium's own brain. Under certain conditions the mind of the medium is more than normally active, but even then it does not discourse rationally of subjects which are above the knowledge of the medium when not in an entranced state. It may repeat in varied forms its own ideas; but, when questions are put of a character far above the medium's individual experience or powers of perception, then the satisfactory answer to those questions is evidence to those, who are not opposed to the reception of all evidence, of an influence outside the operation of the medium's own mind.

You must possess a knowledge of your medium before you can decide these questions. You must be familiar with his sentiments when in a normal state, and compare them with his utterances whilst entranced, and see if they harmonise. It would be very difficult for any one to prove that the utterances of a medium being under the influence for an hour or more, were prompted by his own intelligence, or were the result of the impetus given his mind by spirit agency. You may have your opinions on the matter, but it is difficult to prove the actual direct influence of spirit control.

When the circle is not in perfect harmony the discourse of the medium is more or less influenced by the imperfect conditions. It very often happens that mediums are kept under influence too long, and this considerably lessens the power of controls to express themselves. Consequently whenever the communications appear to be halted and imperfect it is then time to close the circle. To continue the sitting injures the medium and displeases the control. I must now bid you adieu.

THE PRELUDE.

THE following inspirational lines were unexpectedly received at a single sitting of a private circle. They are explained to be the introduction to a greater undertaking, a poem, by the same author, promised some little time back and since then in preparation.

Temper and trial made me what I was,
Love and long labor make me what I am,
The thing I seemed no longer, both because
I never was in truth so prone to damn
Or damned as hirelings held me,—yet no lamb
By butchers led, nor worried by the curs,
Whose jaw's indeed the quarry did deep cram
With their own tongues, bent backward, and black burrs,
Choked with their own blood only—baffled slaughterers—

Not all unmerited I own my grief,
The bitterest self sought;—a brittle name.
I built the transient title of a chief,
Content e'en from my failings to reap Fame,
Most galling when 'twas gained. I asked for shame
Rather than judgment or forgetfulness.
I won my own, I won the righteous blame
Of those who told me down a dear distress,
For which I sold my home, my hope, and happiness.

Enough of self, I sicken of the theme,
Tho' it be one whose moral is most plain,
I may perhaps in all the thrilling dream
I now embody strike no truer strain
Than that lament of penance—the proud pain
Which paralysed the heart and paled the cheek,
Wrecked fairest fortunes, sapped a fervent brain,
And showed its strength apart from virtue weak,
As any lightning-cloud split on a mountain peak.

Enough of self. I shall no longer sing
The monody of madness. I shall still
The unceased stirring of the single string,
That weakened all my worthiness and will.
I shall forget this, as my mists distil
In fairer fancies, more exalted thought,
More noble hope, a purer faith,—a rill
Of Light may flow thence to the world o'er wrought,
With weariness, and woe, and wailing, half distraught.

If I can cheer them, I may thus repay
The debt I owe unto the generous ones,
Who still have seized upon the brighter ray
Flung from the stormy radiance of my Suns,
Have loved, have pitied me, have knelt like Nuns
Reading the purer pages of the scroll,
And missing thence the darker shade that runs
Through all, have prayed for me,—the secret soul
Beneath interpret and so sanctify the whole—

I have received too much, a greater meed
Than should be mine, I own it, yet I feel
An indignation at the broken reed
Which I should scorn, and cannot all conceal,
My keen contempt for those whose sense can seal,
That blackest record of a bloated lie,
Festering all fairness between head and heel
That was in me, and wrenching my wild cry
My one pure love to crime—this I will *not* deny.

Men cannot view the life I lived, or scan
My deeds or songs with a severer glance,
Than that I bend from regions, where the ban
At last withdrawn, the glories of romance,
Eclipsed, my sufferings seem but to enhance
The Blessedness of the benignest Bliss

I revel in, where with a clearer glance
I penetrate the precincts many miss,
Debarred from its delights till lightened by Death's kiss.

Even as a little child I live and learn
The lessons of eternity, from lips
Too much deserted, and I now discern
More perfectly the inspiration sips
I owed so much to, yet while this sphere strips
Me of much honor, it gives even more,
And from the fount of Nature knowledge drips,
Fed from an Ocean that without a shore
Divinely spreads in waves of living loving Law.

This power, within me, and my mighty guides
Of nobler presence, gifts me plenteously,
With but one adjuration, that besides
My own intelligence more souls thro' me
Should then partake—a sweet society
Of scholars reared in a celestial school,
Deciphering the great humanity
Whose sons we are—the shadows in the pool
Wherein we read the holiest tokens of God's rule.

Take then the tribute of my grateful song,
Born amidst golden groves, and in rich bowers,
Told in a tale, that ties the thrilling throng
Of tones tempestuous with a wreath of flowers;
Though sinking scantily in scattered showers
On gloomier lands, the petals will retain
Some pristine perfume of the happier hours,
And seeds, I trust, will yet a summer gain,
Of bud and blossom not transplanted all in vain.

Weigh not the words, but spirit of my speech,
Weigh not my fashion, not my fame, nor aught,
Except the Truth and Beauty it may teach,
Weigh well their worth, thro' subtle windings sought
Sincerity may find my meaning caught.
In chords of simple sound—I sing to all
Who listen with the heart who fight, or fought,
For freedom and for right—who dare to call
Their conscience and their reason consuls over all.

To such, to any, who will pause awhile
And meditate with me, my welcome goes,
Not callous to pure praise, I yet can smile
At fear, fanatics, or whatever foes
Fate fashions me—my courage only owes
It's debt unto the instrument whose breath
Repeats my own, and his the grace whence grows
My mission in my message—Byron saith
His soul, each soul alike, is Lord of Life and Death.

J. M. PEEBLES.

WE have another letter from Mr. Peebles dated Osceola, November 3rd, 1876, from which it appears he was then moving westward, and expected to reach San Francisco before the end of the month. He will stay some weeks there, and probably at other points on the way, reaching Sydney by the Californian Mail due there about the end of February. A preliminary meeting of his immediate friends here, was held on the 25th ult., with the view of forming a committee to meet and aid him in his mission. Mr. Terry was elected Secretary, and arrangements made for a further meeting to be held as soon as advices were received of Mr. Peebles's arrival at Auckland. In his letter he mentions that three or four mediums and healers, hearing of his intention to go to Australia, proposed to accompany him, but he preferred to come on his own responsibility, leaving them to do the same. He expressed his doubts that either of them would do so.

DR. SLADE.

THE first act in the "Slade" drama is played out, and a medium of unblemished reputation has been sentenced, on circumstantial evidence, to three month's imprisonment with hard labor, in the London House of Correction. True, the sentence has not been carried into effect, pending the result of an appeal to a higher court, and possibly may not be, but the decision will in all probability depend, not upon the real merits of the case, but upon the belief or prejudices of the Judges to whom it is submitted. If, as with Mr. Flowers, the magistrate, all testimony as to the occurrence of writing in the presence of Dr. Slade where the production of it by any physical process was absolutely impossible is to be ignored, and the assertion by him of an invisible factor, is to be considered *prima facie* evidence of imposition, he will have to undergo the penalty, and submit to the degradation of associating with criminals and vagabonds, together with coarse food and manual labour. This, to one of a sensitive nature, and who has always occupied the position of a gentleman, will be a painful and trying ordeal; but we trust he will prove equal to the occasion and undergo his martyrdom with fortitude and resignation, confident in his innocence and strong in the sympathy of loving friends both embodied and disembodied.

Dr. Slade is convicted under an old Act of Geo. II, by which the practice of Palmistry, or Occult and Crafty Sciences is made a punishable offence, the penalty being exposure in the pillory and a year's imprisonment. The pillory, Mr. Flowers said, was abolished, but the rest of the section remained in force. "If," said he, "by the trick described, Slade tried to impose upon Professor Lankester and Dr. Donkin, he was guilty of an offence against the Act." * * He could not attach importance to the evidence of the witnesses for the defence as it only proved that very strange things occurred in Slade's presence, and that they did not perceive that he caused them. "If it be true that the two witnesses saw the motions that they describe and found the writing on the slate immediately afterwards, it is impossible for me to doubt, whatever happened on these occasions, that Slade did on that occasion write those words on that slate in order to cheat Professor Lankester and Dr. Donkin," * * * "Upon the whole, I think that an offence against the Vagrancy Act has been proved, and considering the grave mischiefs likely to result from such practices—mischiefs which those who remember the case of Home, also a professional medium, cannot consider unsubstantial. I feel I cannot mitigate the sentence the law imposes."

Immediately the sentence was pronounced, Mr. Munton, on behalf of Dr. Slade, gave notice of appeal, bail being volunteered at once.

We are glad to find a strong feeling existing in Slade's favour, and that a defence fund has been organised which will enable him to get the best legal assistance. By this time the appeal has probably been heard. We await with considerable interest the result.

The following epigrams, apropos to the subject, are by Gerald Massey:—

I.

One ray, at last, of penetrating light,
Hath pierced the darkness of our mental night.
So simple all supreme discoveries are!
But this is the supremest, simplest, far—
The only one in all the world who knew,
The young man made his juvenile *début*;
He came, saw, conquered, Cæsar-like, elate!
Let him be crowned then, Seizer of the Slate!

II.

A young man to the Barber's went,
And did the Shaver seize, and
Charged him with barbarous intent
To cut the young man's weasand.
"*'Tis useless to deny the fact;
In vain you threat or pray, Sir!
I swear I caught you in the act;
Your hand was on the razor!*"

—*Spiritualist.*

MR. TYERMAN.

WE received a letter from Mr. Tyerman dated Jan. 9th, from which we were sorry to hear that his close application to lecturing and literary work during the two previous months, had been too much for his constitution, which had given way under the pressure, his illness culminating in the rupture of a blood vessel, from which

his life was in imminent danger. In his letter he informs us that a spirit voice encouraged him during his illness, telling him he would recover to continue and complete his work here. He has been in the country to recuperate, and returned considerably strengthened. It was thought by his committee that it would be better for him to take his contemplated tour to Adelaide *via* Melbourne, before resuming active duty in Sydney, and he purposed coming to Melbourne at once, in compliance with a desire expressed by the local Spiritualist and Freethought Association a short time since. The Melbourne committee however, could not see their way clear to make arrangements in time, and the matter is therefore in *statu quo*.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

IF things appear awkard and ugly,
Which oft' times in life they will do;
Be sure there is something new, "snugly"
Preparing to rise to your view.
Be sure that the patient who watches
Is safest to gain in the end,
The one who will prosper best, "notches,"
The turn of his life, at each bend.

Keep your eye ever forward advancing,
The path of this life it is true;
Has so many turns, that by glancing,
Around and around you may rue.
"Straightforward's" the goal to begin with,
"Perservence," the rod of support;
"Economy's" what you will win with,
Though "Experience" may dearly be bought.

Trust yourself, don't your depend on neighbour,
Self reliance is noble and grand,
Each one should strive to do labor
Everyone stretch out a hand.
A brother may linger a distance,
A sister be somewhat distressed,
Then stretch out the arm of assistance,
For "Charity's" cause is the best.

SAML. MILLIGAN.

Melbourne, Feb. 8th, 1876.

STEWART & CO., PHOTOGRAPHERS,
217 BOURKE STREET EAST, MELBOURNE.
Premises Greatly Enlarged. **Four studios.**

Country Agents:—

Castlemaine—H. Bamford, Bull Street.
Sandhurst—Mr. J. Williams, 30 Benson's Arcade.
Taradale—Mr. C. Warren.
Wagga Wagga—W. C. Hunter.
Sydney—Mr. P. E. Reynolds, 426 George Street.
Adelaide—George Robertson.
Barnawartha—F. G. Eggleston.
Tasmania (*West Coast*)—W. B. Button, Leven.

Agents wanted for all parts of the Colony.

"THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

THE VICTORIAN EXPONENT OF SPIRITUALISM AND FREE THOUGHT

Subscription, Town, 5/- per annum; Country, 5/6
Neighbouring Colonies and Great Britain, 6/-
Subscriptions date from September to August.

J. TYERMAN'S WORKS.

Guide to Spiritualism, 3/.
Spiritualism Vindicated, 1/-
Is there a Devil? 6d.
Hymn Book, 6d. Creeds and Dogmas, 3d.
Self-Contradiction of the Bible: An abstract of two lectures delivered at Sydney. 3d.

On sale by W. H. Terry.

BOTANIC MEDICINES.

All kinds of Botanic Medicines, Keith's Organic Preparations, Roots, Barks, Herbs, Tinctures, Fluid Extracts, and Saturates, English and American, Imported and on sale by W. H. Terry, 84 Russell Street.
Medicines sent to any part of the Colony by post or otherwise, on receipt of remittance.

PHOTO-ART.
BATCHELDER AND CO.,
PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ARTISTS,
(Established 1854),

Execute commissions in all styles of Portraiture—Plain, coloured, or Mezzotint—on Moderate Terms. Specimens at address,
41 COLLINS STREET EAST.

AMERICAN TELEGRAM.
IMPORTANT NOTICE
TO THOSE INTERESTED IN
SEWING MACHINES,

"London, 29th September, 1876.
"Very Highest CENTENNIAL AWARDS to
SINGER SEWING MACHINES,
TWO MEDALS AND TWO DIPLOMAS.
(Signed) Singer Manufacturing Company."

SINGER'S NEW HAND
SEWING MACHINE,
Is the Genuine Singer Machine,
(The same as sold complete with Treadle.)

It is fitted on a small platform table, with hand accessory attached. It is exceedingly convenient for travelling or visiting use. It can be converted into a treadle machine simply by purchasing a Singer stand and placing the machine thereon, and can be worked by hand or foot. It is not the Cheapest, but it is the Best Hand Machine ever offered to the public. **Price, £5 5s.**

STANFORD & CO.,
Corner Bourke and Russell Streets, Melbourne.

ROBERT KINGSTON,

(FROM SANGSTERS, LONDON),



MAKER BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY,

Umbrella Maker,
No. 26 ROYAL ARCADE,
68 Elgin Street, Carlton.

Umbrellas and Parasols re-covered with Silk, Satin Cloth, Zanilla, and Alpaca.

MISS ARMSTRONG,
Clairvoyante for Diagnosing Disease,
30 RUSSELL STREET.

MELBOURNE SPIRITUALIST AND FREE-THOUGHT ASSOCIATION.

The above Association meets at the Masonic Hall, Lonsdale Street, every Sunday evening, for the presentation and discussion of all subjects pertaining to the spiritual, intellectual, and social advancement of mankind.

Conditions of Membership:—Enrolment and the payment of a quarterly subscription, the amount of which is fixed by the enrolling member.

Service commences at 7 p.m. J. B. Drew, Sec.,
80 Coventry St., Emerald Hill.

HIDDEN SPRINGS UNCOVERED!

THREE LECTURES,
IN REPLY TO ARCHBISHOP VAUGHAN.

By John Tyerman.

Price, 1/6.

W. H. Terry, 84 Russell Street.

THOUGHTS ON THE LIFE OF JESUS.

A BOOK FOR THE TIMES.
Price, 2/.

BROYER'S
ECLECTIC BOTANIC MEDICINES.

Herbs, Roots, Barks, Fluid Extracts, and all Eclectic and Botanic preparations. Fresh supplies continually arriving.

Eclectic Botanic Dispensary.
64 LYGON STREET, CARLTON,
Melbourne.

A LARGE ROOM for the use of CIRCLES. Terms, 5/- per evening. 84 Russell-street.

Printed by E. Purton & Co., at their Office, 106 Elizabeth Street Melbourne for the Proprietor, W. H. Terry, and published by him at 84 Russell Street, South, Melbourne